Trope: Post Apocalypse AU (Hannigram)

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Alpha Will finds omega Hannibal in the Uffizi Gallery, and then the world ends.

Shortfic for #Au_Gust_2020 - Day 5

And so Will found him.

Sat before the Primavera in the Uffizi Gallery. His scent filled the room, filling Will's lungs with each breath. He saw the slight turn of Hannibal's head and it's clear that he'd scented Will too.

Will sat. Resisted the urge to reach out and touch the omega. Their gazes met for just a moment before Will had to look away.

"If I saw you everyday forever, Will. I would remember this time," Hannibal's words were sentimental and clearly meant.

Will took a breath and once more resisted that growing urge to claim Hannibal, an instinct he knew he had to ignore. He grit his teeth and continued to deny himself, deny what was clearly between them. Though he was unable to help the smile at the words, at seeing the man. At being together again.

"Strange to see you in front of me. Been staring at afterimages of you in places you haven't been in years." Will ached as he said the words so easily, as though this were a normal conversation between friends. Between lovers.

"To market, to market, to buy a fat pig. Home again, home again, jiggity-jig." Hannibal replied.

"I wanted to understand you before I laid eyes on you again. I needed it to be clear what I was seeing." Will struggled the words out, wondering if Hannibal really understood his meaning. Because Will truly did see Hannibal, now. Now there was nothing hidden from him.

Hannibal's expression turned a little cold and Will wondered if he anticipated rejection. "Where does the difference between the past and the future come from?"

Will let out a sigh. "Mine? Before you and after you. Yours? It's all starting to blur. Mischa. Abigail. Chiyoh."

"How is Chiyoh?"

"She pushed me off a train."

"Atta girl."

"You and I have begun to blur," Will pulled back the conversation to the point. The conclusion that they had to come to, together.

"Isn't that how you found me." Hannibal acknowledged, because of course it was. They were blurring like mates, without ever having been intimate, much less exchanged mating bites. Such was the intensity of their undeniable connection.

They had begun to form a bond even before any physical connection was made. It was rare, but not unheard of. And it was terrifying.

Will opened his mouth to speak, to bring himself to that point of either acceptance or rejection. He still wasn't sure which. But then noise filled the air. A rumble, loud. An explosion that felt both distant and intensely close, and then more noise. Like the earth was screaming. And then all noise stopped, or Will couldn't hear it, he wasn't sure which was true.

Will's eyes went wide as the ground shook. He reached for Hannibal instinctively, taking the omega's arm as the ground shook again. This time the whole building shook too and the paintings practically jumped from the walls.

"Hannibal," Will said the omega's name just as the building started to crash down around them.

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"No!" Will practically roared and the alpha stalking towards Hannibal stopped, hesitated. And then turned away, despite the sneer on his face.

Hannibal glowered at him and Will knew why.

The world ended weeks ago and here they were, trying to survive amongst a people gone feral. Circling back every few days to the harbour to see if they could get close, with no luck so far.

So many had slid back, to varying degrees, into their baser selves. Especially alphas. There hadn't been a day yet where he hadn't been challenged in some way for Hannibal.

Will continued to walk, knowing Hannibal was keeping up with him, despite the dark mood. They'd find a boat when they finally got to the harbour and Will would sail them out to sea, to safety. They just had to find a way safely to the harbour.

"You can stop this from happening, Will." Hannibal growled, and Will could feel the omega's anger radiating. He couldn't blame him, because he was completely right. But just because he was correct, didn't mean that Will had to acquiesce.

Hannibal grabbed his arm and Will stopped, turning to look at him. His stern expression giving away to one of apology.

"I can't Hannibal. I can't be like them and just *take* you."

"You wouldn't be taking me, I'd be giving myself to you. I have made that clear time and time again. Even since before the world ended."

Will shook his head and carried on walking, ignoring the bite in Hannibal's words.

Hannibal had made it clear in many ways. In both words and actions he had confessed his love for Will and his desire to be mated. An act that would stop the pestering of other alphas

at the scent of an unmated omega.

But it wasn't that simple.

They weren't just another alpha and omega. They weren't just thrown together in this.

Will couldn't forget what Hannibal was, and what he had himself become. He couldn't forget the reason why he had sought Hannibal out in Italy in the first place, nor the reason why Abigail was not there with him. He couldn't simply mate with Hannibal to make things easier. He couldn't mate with Hannibal even if every instinct drove him to it. Instincts that he resisted daily.

"I can't." Will said quietly, silencing the topic for another day.

They walked quietly back to the half collapsed house they had been sheltering in for the last few days.

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It was a cold night.

It was always cold at night since it all ended.

Will knew that he should maintain a distance, given Hannibal's clear feelings. Given his own as well, it wasn't healthy. And yet every night the cold drove them together, huddling under the one blanket, body's wrapped around each other for warmth.

In the morning Will would wake early, usually unable to sleep past four or five, and would free himself from Hannibal before the omega roused from his contented slumber. Every night, dreams would haunt him of being covered in blood, screaming, trying to free himself and become… something.

This morning Will woke around five, but this time to the echoing sound of bricks being torn down.

The small room they were in was little more than three walls and no roof, and the sounds came from behind them, the other side of the wall they slept against. Bricks falling, and at first Will thought the building was coming down, he moved to wake up the omega, but then stopped. The noises ceased for a moment, then the clear sound of footfalls and voices. Gruff and growling.

Will shuddered.

"Hannibal," Will urged softly as he shook the omega's shoulder.

Hannibal's eyes sprang immediately open, taking only a moment to focus in on Will's face.

Will held up a finger to his lips to silence the omega and then nodded his head towards the direction of the sound. They both listened and then there were jeering voices. Not loud

enough that they could make out all the words, but the few that were spoken with a little more venom came through. Words like *omega* and *ripe*.

Will felt Hannibal bristle. The bloodthirst in his eyes.

Truth was, although Will's presence deterred alphas from approaching Hannibal, there was no doubt in his mind that Hannibal was absolutely capable of protecting himself. He remembered all too well what had happened in the omega's kitchen.

What had happened to himself, to Jack, Alana, Abigail… In one evening he had taken them all down.

But that had been on his home turf, literally. He hadn't gone weeks with sparse amounts of food. They were both exhausted and run down. And whilst that was probably true of everyone in this new world, it might just tip the scales against Hannibal for once.

"We need to move," Will spoke quietly, grabbing the blanket and stuffing it into the backpack he'd acquired a couple of weeks earlier. He started to pick up their few things, a tin of soup, a torch, but Hannibal sat there watching the direction of the noise.

His eyes seemed almost red, and there was a low rumbling sound that spoke of Hannibal's desire to attack.

Will grabbed Hannibal's arm roughly, and spoke through gritted teeth. "We can't, we don't know how many. How strong. Don't be a fool."

It was those last words that snapped Hannibal's attention back to him. He blinked and then nodded, getting to his feet the same time Will did, and starting out through the half fallen wall.

"Ciao." A deep voice crooned, menacingly.

Will whipped around to see the hulk of a man barrel towards him and knock him off his feet. He'd barely made it through the wall and fell onto the broken bricks with a thud. He grit his teeth against the pain of it, stunned for just a moment before trying to get to his feet.

The bricks gave way and slid beneath him, making it difficult to find purchase.

And the voices were closer, now in the room he and Hannibal had just left, and making their way to the fallen wall.

In the early morning light he could make out Hannibal going toe to toe with the alpha. A sneer on the alpha's face that wouldn't have been there if he'd realised for one moment the capabilities of his adversary.

When the alpha lunged for Hannibal, he dodged and then shoved a foot sharply at the bricks. They started to cascade and the alpha lost his footing, falling with a thud next to Will.

Will managed to find his feet and grab hold of the bag again just as the other alphas appeared at the gap in the wall.

“Stay back!” Will snarled, but the two alphas looked unimpressed and chuckled at him.

Their fallen friend chuckled too and started to try and sit.

Hannibal launched himself at the fallen alpha, dragging him back down onto the bricks and pinning him. And despite Will’s knowledge that Hannibal really could deal with this alone, he felt a shiver of fear run through him at the thought of Hannibal being injured or-

Hannibal called out over his shoulder at the amused alphas.

“Decidi il destino del tuo amico!”

One huffed dismissively and the other laughed again and then they started to clamber through the gap in the wall.

Quicker than Will could even track, Hannibal leaned down, sank in his teeth and then ripped the man’s throat away.

Blood spurted everywhere and the alpha’s screams were little more than wet, gargling noises.

There were shouts, threats from the tone, but the other two alphas didn’t come nearer.

Hannibal was still sitting atop the now half dead alpha, snarling at his friends, when Will dragged him away.

They ran and didn’t stop until they were streets away. If they could even be called streets anymore.

And then Will stopped, leaning against a wall to catch his breath. He watched as Hannibal ripped off part of his shirt and used it to mop up the blood on his face.

“What the hell were you thinking?” Will growled through grit teeth. “You could have gotten us killed.”

Hannibal raised a brow at him, looking a little amused. “I think you’ll find that I saved us.”

Will had no reply to that. It wasn’t like Hannibal was wrong, and there was no way to argue this out without Will having to admit that the reason he was angry was because the fear of losing Hannibal in that moment had shaken him.

He wanted to take the omega there and then. More than he’d ever wanted to before.

And not just because he had been terrified of losing him. Not just because he wanted it beyond all reason. But because it was Hannibal. Hannibal who could rip out the throat of another alpha. And god help him, Will had wanted him to. Had watched with glee.

Once more Will rejected the thoughts and feelings, just as he knew he should reject Hannibal.

With a growl Will pushed away from the wall and stalked to the omega, clasping his hands to his side to stop himself from grabbing him.

“Why are we even together?” Will snapped, wanting to pull Hannibal to him. Wanting to push Hannibal away. And yes, wanting to hurt him too, in any small way that he could. “Why do you follow me around like this? There is nothing holding us together now. I am not FBI, you are not the Chesapeake Ripper. None of that exists any more.” Will snarled.

He could see the hurt in Hannibal’s eyes. Because of course they were more to each other than that. And the hurt is gone in an instant.

I wanted to run away with him, because he was my friend.

“You’re quite right, Will. Perhaps it is time we go our separate ways after all.” Hannibal’s expression and tone were completely blank, even to Will. He thought he could entirely read the omega now, but clearly that wasn’t the case.

“I can’t keep doing this Hannibal.” Will practically cried the words, a weak lament. “Even as the possibility of free will dissipates, my experience of it remains the same. I continue to feel and act as though I have it.”

Will looked away, biting his tongue and wanting to say more. Wanting to say all the things he hadn’t intended to.

“Will,” Hannibal started, breathless. As Hannibal stepped forward, Will took a step back.

“Every crime of yours feels like one I am guilty of. Not just Abigail's murder, but every murder stretching backward and forward in time.” There was no hate in Will’s tone, just total honesty. Something he should have said all those weeks ago when the world ended.

“Then what's left to do? Freeing yourself from me and me freeing myself from you, they're the same.” Hannibal replied, resolved.

“We're conjoined. Curious if either of us can survive separation.” Will’s own tone lowered, hushed and calm now, at least on the surface.

“Now's the hardest test: not letting rage and frustration, nor forgiveness, keep you from thinking.”

“I’m going to the harbour.” Will ended the conversation and turned away.

He walked away, not wanting to say aloud whether Hannibal was welcome to follow or not. Not entirely sure himself.

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It took most of the day to get near the harbour before Will sought shelter as the sun went down. He hunkered down in a burnt out car, not quite dozing as every sound made him startle. Made him think of Hannibal and where the omega was.

Where *his* omega was.

The next day, exhausted and hungry, Will scavenged for food but found little more than some unripe tomatoes on a vine growing in what had once been a garden. They made the acid in his stomach reflux but they filled it a little all the same.

He thought about Hannibal as he ate them. He was immediately transported back to Hannibal's kitchen. A place and time that no longer existed.

Serve with tomatoes in suspension and everybody will love the sweet taste.

Days after the explosions, what felt like years ago now, Hannibal had suggested a source of nourishment he could acquire for them. Will had dined on human flesh with him before and whilst his mouth had watered, he'd flat out refused. Hannibal had never offered again, instead going hungry just as Will did.

He remembered Hannibal delicately forking primes slices of perfectly cooked meat into his mouth, in that fantasy land of Hannibal's dining room.

Will shuddered. His stomach growled and he moved on.

Will's plan had always been to get to the harbour and assess the situation. His hope would be to find his own boat still moored. But he was sure that wasn't likely, in fact there might not be anything seaworthy left at all.

Every time they had tried to get close, the way had been blocked. People panicking and trying to escape. And then came rioters and lawlessness. And then groups of marauders. They had been waiting them all out, waiting for crowds to move on after stripping shops and houses like piranha.

It hadn't felt quite so bad with Hannibal at his side. Not just the company, but knowing where the man was. That he was safe. Even after everything.

Because that unintentional bond between them meant more than everything that had happened. And it shouldn't. And Will kept fighting it.

They had tried to approach the harbour a few times before but found the routes blocked by marauders too great in number to deal with. But as Will approached now, it was practically deserted. And it looked like a warzone.

Boats were adrift, some sunken in dock or further out. Those still floating had been ransacked and one was still somehow afloat after having been half burned out.

Whatever had been in these boats was long gone. Provisions, food, medicine. Anything and everything that could be scavenged would have been taken and, most likely, the rest destroyed. They'd seen it time and again all over the city.

Still, Will was cautious as he made his way towards the moorings.

The boards groaned under him and he wondered what structural damage the docks might have taken and how safe this was. He tread carefully, not just because of that, but also on the lookout for anyone else hanging around.

He swallowed and put his hand on the knife in his pocket.

The one he had brought to use on Hannibal.

He hadn't, and yet it had seen its share of bloodshed in Florence.

Will's attention was drawn to a boat further along. It was still afloat but half torn apart. There was a noise coming from it, a knocking, which might have just been something moving with the motion of the water. But Will had no interest in being caught out.

He pulled out the knife and moved slowly.

As he drew closer he could see the cabin door was slightly ajar and with every move it knocked. He let out a breath of relief, but remained alert as he made his way along. If he couldn't find the Nola then he'd make his way back and see if any others were seaworthy.

He was near the end of the dock when he saw her.

Nola.

She was adrift, almost out of the harbour. From where he stood, Will couldn't see that she had any damage. There were a few others out there too, maybe unmoored by the initial explosions, or perhaps by people trying to escape.

He was prepared for that. Prepared that there was every chance he'd climb aboard and find people with no knowledge of boats, just drifting there. Hungry, scared, possibly violent.

Will hoped they'd be violent. It would be easier then to fend them off and get them overboard. If they were just sitting there in a pitiful state what would he do? Would he really be able to toss someone in need over the side of the boat?

Will sucked in a breath and knew it was something he might have to deal with.

In that moment he thought about Hannibal. If the omega were with him he knew he wouldn't hesitate to do what needed to be done, and Will would let him. And be glad of not having to do it himself.

He hated Hannibal for that as much as he hated himself. And yet, in this new world, perhaps Hannibal was right. It was a world very much adapted to the omega.

He missed Hannibal. For more than that. He ached for the man, and now being parted after everything that had happened, it hurt. He wanted Hannibal by his side, but that was pointless if he could never admit his love for the man. And he had to accept that first.

Will let out a growl and stowed his knife back into his pant's pocket. He removed what remained of his tattered jacket and let it fall to the ground. It was cold, the water was going to be colder than he'd like, but not more than he could endure and the coat would only weigh him down once it became sodden.

Will made his way to the end of the dock, or at least what was now the end of the dock, the rest having been completely destroyed. And from there he took in a deep breath in preparation and then jumped.

The water was cold, as expected. And there was a metallic scent and taste to it, that made Will wonder whether it was from the explosions or from bodies. He shook the thought and began to swim out to the boat, the water was at least still so that it wasn't too difficult.

But it took long minutes and he was exhausted and aching when he reached the Nola and took hold of the ladder on her side. He rested for a minute, catching his breath, trying to restore his energy as much as he could after weeks of near starvation.

When he pulled himself up out of the water, the cold of the air on his wet clothes hit him and he shivered. It would have been unnoticeable if he was well fed and in good health. But having been thrown from a train even before the world had ended, he was not exactly in peak condition.

Will grit his teeth, trying not to be concerned about what might await him, what he might have to do, and he began to climb.

It was the scent that hit him as he pulled himself on deck.

He'd been prepared for the scent of blood, and perhaps of decomposition. He'd been prepared for the scent of a hundred crime scenes to race through his mind. But that wasn't the case.

The scent was bitter. It made his stomach tie itself in knots and his jaw tighten.

A growl rested at the back of his throat.

It was the scent of an omega in distress and Will felt physical pain over what he might need to do next. He hesitated as he continued on deck, everything a mess, but otherwise untouched. It seemed the boat had pulled loose in the initial explosions, so had someone been on board that whole time?

Will prepared himself to see the remnants of his kitchen plundered and an nesting omega in his cabin.

He placed his hand on the half open door and gave it a tug.

And then the scent changed.

The distress cleared enough for him to realise the scent was a familiar one.

"H-Hannibal?" Will pushed his way into the mess of the cabin, seeking the omega. The scent was all the stronger. Sharp and clear and so obviously Hannibal now that he had cut through the distress.

"Will." A whimpered lament, and movement from Will's bed.

It was hard to distinguish from the mess, where all the cupboards had emptied into the cabin, some now hanging off their hinges. But yes, there in the bed, amongst clothes and blankets, was Hannibal Lecter.

Will clambered over the mess and practically fell onto his bunk, cupping Hannibal's face in his hands and looking him over. Wanting to make sure he was okay, wanting to make sure his mind wasn't playing tricks on him.

"You're shivering," Will growled, "Did you swim? Are you cold?"

"I-I swam, last night. I saw the boat and I hoped. But you weren't here." Hannibal shivered as he said the words but as Will touched his brow there was nothing but heat.

"I'm here now," Will replied, softly.

So many other words running through his head, but he still couldn't bring himself to say them. And that was what made him the worst alpha for Hannibal.

He grit his teeth and turned away.

"What do you need?" Will asked quietly.

"You know what I need, Will." Hannibal answered, breathless.

The scent of distress was dissipating, replaced by the sweet scent of arousal. Of heat and fertility. Of Hannibal's body's natural reaction to be deserted by his alpha.

Will closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose, "I can't. You know I can't. I'm sorry. I can… I can make you comfortable, bring you food. But I just…"

Will hated himself for saying the words, he could practically feel Hannibal's hurt.

"Will, you have to stop." Hannibal struggled to get the words out, placing a warm hand on Will's face and turning him to look in each other's eyes. "You have to stop running from me, from yourself. You can feel our bond."

He could. Damn, he could. Hannibal had been right when he'd found his omega in the Uffizi Gallery. It wasn't just detective work, or even blind luck. He had simply *known* Hannibal would be there, because this bond had been growing between them since the moment they met.

"I can't," Will practically sobbed. "I shouldn't."

"This is your becoming, Will. It would have happened like this had the world not ended. And now that it has, there is no reason to resist. It's just us now. No FBI, no Jack. No Ripper, no Special Agent. Just alpha and omega."

"It shouldn't be that simple," Will grimaced, wanting so much to believe what Hannibal was saying. Wanting to give into it.

Hannibal took a sharp breath for a moment, his discomfort becoming clear, “Perhaps it shouldn’t,” he gasped out the words. “But that’s how things are now. We have a choice. Here and now. We part or we stay together.”

Will couldn’t help the slight whine that escaped from his throat at the idea of their parting.

“If we stay together then you’re my alpha.” Hannibal let his hand move gently down to cup Will’s neck and hold him tight as he struggled to get the words out, heat starting to overcome him. “You’re my alpha, Will.”

Will growled and pulled away, standing quickly but unable to walk further without tripping up on all the debris. So he stood for a moment, his back to the omega. He should leave.

He should leave!

He should deny Hannibal.

He should deny the connection they had.

Instead he sucked in a breath and tasted Hannibal on the air.

“Alpha, please.” Hannibal’s voice was weak, his tone vulnerable. It was more than Will could resist.

“Hannibal,” Will growled as he turned.

When Hannibal shuddered, the air around him practically vibrated.

With a snarl, Will lunged forward, pressing Hannibal down to the bed.

“Is this what you want?” Will had meant to be menacing in his anger, but the words came out gentle as he pinned the omega down. He stroked the hair back from Hannibal’s face.

He wanted to tell him that this was just for his heat. Just to help him through and then they needed to talk. Perhaps they’d even go their separate ways after all.

But instead of that, Will buried his face in the juncture of Hannibal’s neck. He breathed deeply of the omegan scent and nuzzled at his mating gland.

“Please, Will. Yes. Make me yours.”

Will blinked. He hadn’t meant that. Or had he?

He shuddered, and with a growl Hannibal surged up and started to rip Will’s clothes away from him.

Will didn’t hesitate to start pulling at them as well, dragging his wet clothes from his body until he felt light. Buoyant. He got as far as his pants, unzipping them and getting them as far as his thighs before Hannibal took hold of him and threw him onto the bed.

Legs damp and clammy, his cock heavy and leaking, Will found himself pinned under the omega in a way that so far had only happened metaphorically.

Will took in a breath so sharp it hurt his lungs, as Hannibal straddled and sank onto him in one smooth motion. He was wet, so very wet. And hot. And everything and more.

Will groaned and reached up, taking Hannibal into his arms and pulling him down into a kiss. It was all tongues and teeth, messy and incoherent as Hannibal fucked himself on Will's aching cock.

"Will," Hannibal gasped as he broke the kiss to nuzzle at Will's own mating gland. His teeth grazing it. A question, a desire.

With a feral roar, Will rolled them. Moisture flicking from the ends of his still wet hair, as he put Hannibal under him once more. This time inside him, and bracing himself, he fucked into him hard and deep until Hannibal was arching and groaning.

"Alpha!" Hannibal cried out and came for the first time.

With a whine of pleasure, Will continued to thrust through the muscles tightening around him until his body was moving on adrenaline alone.

Will's knot throbbed to the point where it was almost painful. He needed to bury it inside the omega, mark him from the inside out.

It didn't matter how hard he tried to deny it, and all the reasons he gave. He needed this. He always would.

He would always need Hannibal.

He rocked into the omega a few more times, a wet sound filling the cabin as his knot smacked against Hannibal's waiting flesh.

Will buried his face in Hannibal's neck at the same moment he pushed his knot inside. It locked in place as Will sank his teeth into Hannibal's mating gland, and Hannibal came again with a cry and then chants of-

"Alpha, alpha, alpha!"

As Will went to pull away, mouth bloodied, Hannibal ceased his babbling and slid a hand around Will's neck, pulling him down to his mouth.

Will came, his whole body shuddering and his knot throbbing, as Hannibal sank his own teeth in.

There could be no denying it any more.

Will wasn't sure he ever wanted to.

They wrapped their arms around each other and Will continued to spill deep inside the omega, his knot lasting longer than he could ever remember it having done in the past. He felt more sated than he ever had been before.

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The gentle motion of the boat was a comfort.

Something familiar to Will, as familiar as Hannibal's scent. Something that he had tried to ignore the comfort in. But he couldn't ignore it now.

He had been tied with the omega on and off for almost three days, and finally his heat was subsiding.

So now they lay in the bed, naked and sated. But flaccid and comfortable, curled against each other in an embrace that might never have been.

"You cannot deny me any longer," Hannibal spoke gently, his rational mind now completely returned. "You cannot deny our bond."

"I suppose not." Will murmured, nuzzling at the back of Hannibal's neck as he spooned behind the omega.

"Do you want to?"

"I suppose not." Will let out a sigh and then elaborated. "I guess, I just got tired of fighting it. The world ended and I was still fighting to hold onto someone who I'm not sure I'd ever really been."

Hannibal purred at Will's words and Will rolled his eyes. Of course the ridiculous man would preen over this victory. Will was just grateful he didn't start to offer his thoughts on the matter as a psychiatrist.

"Do you want to know how I felt when I met you? Or at least, when I started to get to know you?" Will spoke softly.

"When you started to find me interesting?"

Will let out a light chuckle. "I suppose so." He bit lightly on Hannibal's shoulder and the omega hummed and relaxed in his hold. "I thought you were a pompous ass. But then, yes, I did start to find you interesting. The more you revealed yourself to me, the more I understood you. The more I understood myself."

Will pressed a gentle kiss over where he'd bitten.

"I had spent my whole life feeling like I was the best chess player in the world, never meeting someone who could play at the same level as me. And then you came along and could play at my level. And then I realised that, in fact, we were the only two people in the world who knew how to play chess at all." Will explained, knowing that anyone less given to bloated purple prose than Hannibal might find it a ridiculous statement to make.

But predictably Hannibal purred again and then leaned back over his shoulder to offer Will his mouth.

The kiss was slow and sensual, the start of a new chapter for them both.

Will drew back, a smile on his lips as he looked at Hannibal and said, “I think I have a chess set stowed in one of these cupboards you know.”

Hannibal huffed a laugh and then pulled his alpha back into another kiss.

Another day of this. Will would let them have another day of this. And then they would sail away, live off the sea. Be at peace.

Just them, the only two chess players in the world.

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